A SONG FOR OLD FRIENDS.

panion.

folly.

ly.

you?

for any man.'

it outrageous.'

shine, And I said, laughingly:

a match of it with the vicar?"

he's the very man.'

ness with which she said it.

"'Perhaps so,' I observed. 'Far be i

marrying man. In fact, for all his flirt-

bachelor as I have ever come across.

" 'Especially with girls like Margaret

"'I wish you wouldn't make jokes

ish! You can't deny that, can you?

Wherein, to my great thankfulness,

was not deceived.

ta about,' I suggested, slyly.

jesting over this affair.

The earth to the songs of the poet Resounds in a deathless tune, Though hearts be upon or below it-Though the winter be here or the June Of the numberiess songs that are ringing, Let the cadence of one song flow For the Aprils fled and the living and dend-

The friends of the Long Ago.

Sing the charms of the winsome Molly, And the graces of Madeline fair-The heart of Sue that was jolly. And Jean with her glory of hair. Sing of John and of Jim and the fellows, Confessing we did not know That so much of pure gold the bosome sold hold

Of the friends of Long Ago.

The red of the April's blooming. By the whispers of springtime fanned, Cannot shine where the gloom is entomb-

But they'll know and will understand! They will know of one heart that is yearning

For the old year's genuine glow, And their dust, long still, it will tremble and thrill-

The friends of the Long Ago, -Nashville American.

ATTACK OF LUMBAGO.

"Ah!" exclaimed my friend Thorley, the eminent physician, throwing down the evening paper, which he had just been perusing, and delivering himself in his most sententious manner. "How many complete comedies, and tragedies for the matter of that, may often be latent in two or three commonplace lines of print!"

"And what, pray, most saplent philosopher, has evoked from you that profound sentiment?" I inquired, laughingly.

"The concluding sentence in this obituary notice of the bishop of X," he said, taking up the paper again and reading aloud the passage: "He married, in 1866, Margaretta, third daughter of the late Joshua Barker."

"Indeed," I said. "And is it a comedy, my philosopher, or a tragedy that lurks in that very simple historical announcement?"

"Umph! A comedy. At any rate the comic element prevails."

"You knew the bishop in his young days, 1 belleve?"

"Intimately, and his wife, too. In fact, I myself was a spectator of the little couldy which resulted in their marriage."

"You were?"

"I was," said Thorley, with an impressive air. I saw that he was bursting to tell a good story. We were by ourselves in a corner of the club smoking room. There are men from whom, in like circumstances, I should have fled incontinent, pleading an immediate engagement. But Thorley was an excellent raconteur and I had nothing particular to do for half an hour. I therefore lay back in my chair and regarded him encouragingly.

"I believe," he went on, ,"that you would find the story rather diverting." "Then, by all means, let me hear it," I suggested.

And, nothing loath, he began:

"It all happened more than thirty years ago," Thorley said, "I need hard- I had so lightly mooted and which my ly say that the bishop had not, in those wife had jumped at with such enger-

ters, was in need of a congenial com- bago does give rise to some very ridic- to smile on him as blaudiy as hereto

ulous situations. In fact, the patient's movements when trying, if you under-"Margaretta was a handsome and stand me, to sidle round that particuprepossessing girl; though even in lar posture, in which he knows that he those days she showed some slight tendency toward that richness of form and will be gripped, and to gain the desired perpendicular by dodging, so to speak, feature which she has since abundantthe muscles of his own back, are often ly realized. You have never met the extremely grotesque. Take it, also, bishop's wife? Ah, well! She has long measured a good forty-five inches that the patient is one who prides himself on the dignity of his deportmentround the waist and is now the possessor of four chins. But in her girlas our vicar did-and this grotesqueness is appreciably enhanced. Indeed, hood she was pretty and fascinating, and slight, and not a few local bloods were enamored of her. These local what could be a funnier sight to see than dignity struggling with lumbago? bloods, however, were all of the plebs I, myself, though hardened by profespleblan, and Margaretta was a girl sional experience, have often derived the hugest amusement from it. And I of aspirations. She wanted to escape certainly did so in this case. altogether from the sordid vulgarity of "Our excellent vicar was extremely Pemborough society and to blossom into some more select and fashionable

sorry for himself. He gave me a sphere. Thus, at least, she frequently graphic account of the torturing agonconfided to my wife, who, womanlike, es which he had endured, in trying to aided and abetted her in this ambitious rise from a kneeling posture in church

-where he had been suddenly seizedand how it had taken him good five "My wife was talking to me about minutes to regain his feet. I prescribed Margaretta one day. She was deploring the fact that there was no well some of the usual remedies, and promborn and bred young men in Pemborised to call again in a day or two. When ough to marry the poor girl, and re-I reached home the first question my move her into that higher circle in wife asked me was:

which she was so well qualified to "'Well, what is the matter with the viear?

" 'There's the vicar. He's splendidly "'Only a touch of lumbago,' I anconnected. Why shouldn't she make swered.

"Then he will be unable to attend "It was simply a little joke of mine. the parish conversazione this evening, But my wife (to whom this was evi-I suppose?

"'Oh, no. I have told him that he dently a new idea) took it quite seriousmay keep all his social engagements. "To be sure,' she cried, clapping her Church is the only thing tabooed, by cause the poor man cannot kneet, or hands. "There's the vicar. I wonder I rather when he kneels cannot get up trol myself. have never thought of him. Of course, again.'

"Oh! I am glad that he will be there "I laughed aloud at the eager serious this evening. The parish conversazione "'My dear,' I told her, 'I was only without the vicar would be quite the play without Hamlet, would it not? joking. You don't suppose that the vicar would look at Margaretta, do "'Yes-for Margaretta,' 1 replied

jestingly. "'And why not?' demanded my wife, "I said that on purpose to draw my bridling. 'Margaretta is good enough wife. But the shaft missed. She seem

ed, indeed, not to even have heard my remark, and I saw that she had sudfrom me to depreciate Margaretta. But denly fallen into one of her absent fits. you see, my dear, the vicar is not a Soon afterward she left the room aud went upstairs, humming a tune, a ing propensities, he is as confirmed a thing which she always did when she was enveloped in a brown study.

"It is a crying scandal that such "We both went to the parish convera man should be a bachelor,' exclaimed sazione that evening. It was one of a my wife, in an indignant tone, 'I call series of functions held quarterly by the vicar and the church wardens to promote social intercourse and friendliness between the members of the con-"But my wife was in no mood for gregation. These gatherings took place at the town hall, and consisted of tea and coffee, twaddle and flirtaout of everything,' she retorted, quite tions, for which last-named amusement various alcoves in the lobbles and passcrossly. 'It is scandalous that the vicar should remain a bachelor. It ought ages were not inconvenient; the more so, as the said lobbies and passages not to be allowed. Everybody admits were but indifferently lighted. that it is the bounden duty of a bene-

"At this particular function everyficed elergyman to marry. Look what an invaluable help a wife is 'n a parbody, of course, was present, including Margaretta, her parents and other adolescent members of her family. My "'Certainly not, my dear. It is quite wife bore down upon Margaretta the indisputable.' I assented, for it was moment she appeared, and I saw them after dinner. 1 was spoiling for my soon engaged in a whispered conversanap, and it was my hope that if I allowed my wife to sllence me in argution in a corner of the tearoom. I did not observe them again for some little ment she would let the discussion drop. time, being just then tackled by a the evening was over, everybody pres-"But although no more was said on the subject just then, this idea which

of all that she had suffered since our these, without repudiation-as he didlast meeting. I was inexpressibly he simply gave himself away, and ren-

fore.

"At last-baving, as I supposed, given up all hope for that occasion, since I was not then aware of the wonderful resourcefulness of woman-Margaretta suggested that they should be rejoining the others. The vicar agreed, They rose from their sents, and as they did so, Margaretta, happening to glance down at her particularly neat little toes, uttered a sudden ejaculation.

'Oh! Look! The ankle strap of my shoe has come unbuttoned. Oh! dear! 1-1-if it would not be presuming too much upon your kindness, Mr. Travers, I-I-

"'Don't mention it. With pleasure,' murmured the reverend gentleman, as he sank gracefully upon one knee and proceeded to negotiate the strap round her pretty ankle.

"'Ha! my friend,' I chuckled to myself from behind my Hercules. 'In the gallant impulse of the moment, you have forgotten your lumbago. Facilis descensus! Sed revocare gradum! "I did. For as the vicar, still obliv-

ious of his lumbar disability, gayly essayed to rise to his feet in the usual way, be was suddenly gripped and pulled back with a spasmodic jerk. He made another effort and another, adopting that gingerly, feeling-your-way sort of movement which is so eminently characteristic of lumbago. It was a supremely ridiculous spectacle, this reverend dignified parson fixed on one knee and vainly trying to sidle upward.

I was within an ace of betraying my presence by bursting into a roar of laughter. But I just managed to con-

"'Oh, please get up, Mr. Travers!' murmured Miss Margaretta, blushingly, affecting to be ignorant of the true state of the case. 'Oh, please get up! Somebody will see you."

"'I-I-will you-give me your hand? gasped the vicar, desperately. "She did so, in the prettiest confusion. The vicar clasped it with all the fervor of lumbago.

"Then it all came about more suddenly than you would believe. For there stood Joshua Barker and there stood my wife, as though they had dropped from the clouds. And Joshua was shaking the still kneeling vicar by the hand and saying:

"'Congratulate you, my dear vicar, congratulate you! I ought not to intrude just now. But I was passing, by Jove, and couldn't help seeing and my feelings as a father got the better of my discretion. You have way a treasure-a treasure, sir,' etc.

"At the same time my wife was kissing Margaretta, who had covered her blushing face with her hands, and Godblessing her and heaven knows what beside, looking the while as innocently pleased and happy as a guileless child. "It was splendid sport for everybody -except the vicar. And he-poor man! -was more taken aback and flabbergasted than anybody I have ever seen. He never attempted to expostulate or explain. Perhaps he meant to defet the difficult and disagreeable task until he could perform it by letter. If so, the delay was fatal to him; for, before wealthy and hypochondriacal old lady ent had heard of the engagement, and -one of my best patients -- who insist- the vicar had run the gantlet of a huned on recounting to me a long history dred congratulations. By accepting



PETTICOAT OF FLANNEL

FLANNEL petticoat used to be a flannel petticoat, no matter how much you embroi tered it. But now it is made in ways that were never dreamed of in the days when flannel skirt making was an art. The newest ones show yokes of white raffeta, to make the waist smaller. Wash silk is used and the flannel, which is very fine, is gathered on the silk yoke The principal trimming is ribbon. This



used for strapping the seams and for decorating the top of the ruffle. When lace is put on the flann?' Is cut out underneath and the lace strengthened with coarse thread stitches, put on invisibly. Ruffles of ribbon are set underneath the skirt or deep flounces of white needlework. There is a pattern of hand embroider, upon every fannel skirt, but it is done as a finish to the ribbon and lace, and not as the main trimming of the skirt.

The Rights of a Young Wife.

"Before everything else the young woman has a right to expect from her husband tenderness, sympathy and faith," says Ruth Ashmore, writing in the Ladies' Home Journal of "What to Expect from a Young Man." "But sometimes; in his engerness to make all life fair to her, he fancies she is a doll,

involved an awkward gait. The foot of a large woman should be larger than the foot of a small woman or a slenderly built woman, and usually-to her unnecessary sorrow-she has a large one. The foot in length should be the length of the ulna, a bone in the forearm, which extends from the lump in the outer portion of the wrist to the elbow. Of course the ulna is longer in tall people, and to be grace. ful the foot should be also. Marrying a Man to Reform Him.

"The most subtle and deceitful hope which ever existed, and one which wrecks the happiness of many a young girl's life." writes Evangelist Dwight I. Moody, in the Ladies' Home Journal, "is the common delusion that a woman can best reform a man by msrrying him. It is a mystery to me how people can be so blined to the hundreds of cases in every community where tottering homes have fallen and isnocent lives have been wrecked, because some young girl has persisted in marrying a scoundrel in the hope of saving him. I have never known such a union, and I have seen hundreds of them, result in anything but sadness and disaster. Let no young girl think that she may be able to accomplish what a loving mother or sympathetic sisters have been unable to do. Before there is any contract of marriage there should be convincing proof that there has been real and thorough regeneration."

Teaching Daughters How to Shop. A practical mother has determined on another "course" for her daughter. She has taught her how to shop. It takes costly experience often to show women the pitfalls of the shops. The staples of dry goods, housekeeping linens, blankets, regular grades of dress goods, as serges, flannels and the like, the long list of white goods-all such and many more have distinctive characteristics, useful knowledge of which should be acquired before attempts to purchase are made. The rage among women for 'bargains" tempts even the most reputable merchants to keep "seconds" in stock-it is valuable to know them at sight and to reject or accept them as may seem expedient.

Invention for Tollet Tables.

A new invention for a tollet table, whereby we may see ourselves as others see us, will doubtiess be greatly apreciated by both men and women.

days, attained to episcopal honors. He was, in fact, merely, the vicar of Pemborough, where I, a youngster, was carrying on my first practice, and where Margaretta's father was brewing indifferent beer. But even then his reverence was a cleric marked out for future preferment, no less by his aristoeratic connections than by his intrinsic personal merits. Nor by that do Limean to imply that these merits were inconsiderable. He was decidedly intellectual, an eloquent preacher, a good organizer. And his bodily presence contributed an appreciable quota to the effect of those qualities. He was tall, imposing dignified. Calm authorlintiveness sat upon his placid and ample forehead. Solidity and weight swelled in the undulations of his capaclous walstcoat. Severe moral recti tude helped to stiffen every line of his upright and stately bearing. Even apart, therefore, from his intrinsic self he made a splendid figurehead for the spiritual life of the parish. I suppose his age must have been about 40, though he looked older. And he was a confirmed bachelor. So much so, in fact, that the single ladles In Pemborough, of whom there were many, hardly regarded the vicar as a matrimonially possibility; albelt, with his high connections and good prospects, he would have been an excellent spec for the best of them.

"Not that he was a boor or a brutal misogynist or anything of that kind. Very much the reverse. He mixed freely in the social life of the place. He enjoyed the company of ladles, and, indeed, in his sanctified way, was quite a proficient flirt. But to that deeper, lasting sentiment which leads through courtship to wedlock he was entirely strange, and I honestly believe that the bare idea of matrimony had never crossed his mind.

"Now I will revert for a minute to the Barkers.

"I have said that Joshua Barker, the head of that family, was a brewer of indifferent beer. In spite of the quality of his malt liquors he did a large business, having many tied houses, and was worth a considerable sum of money. But then he was the father of fourteen children, so that his fine income was somewhat discounted. I shall not have much to say about any of them, excepting his eldest daughter, Margaretfa, whom I knew better than any of the others and who was a great friend of my wife's. In fact, the young lady spent a great part of her time at our house. And I was glad that she did so, for my wife, having only lately been married to me, and having come from a house full of brothers and sis-

ness was not allowed by that persevering angel to rest. The keenness with which she threw herself into her new scheme, the energy with which she set herself to execute it, excited my supreme wonder and amusement. No little dodge whereby the vicar and Margaretta might be brought together was too barefaced for her; no little pretext was too flimsy. She invelgled the reverend gentleman into little dinners, luncheons, teas, picnics, at which it was invariably managed that he should be brought into close proximity with Margaretta. She made them partners at tennis and croquet, at whist and four-handed chess. The vicar evidently enjoyed all this-as a pastime-for Margaretta was very pretty. But while he flicted with her, decorously and as a clergyman should, and even sometimes went rather farther than a cler-

gyman should, he never went, nor and any idea of going, to the length which Margaretta pined for.

"You, my dear fellow, are a married man, and you know the ways of women. You will, therefore, feel no surprise to hear that neither Miss Barker nor my wife thought for a minute of being content with these unpractical flirtations. Nor will it cause you the smallest sensation of wonder to be informed that the entire blame for the vicar's declining to toe the scratch was shunted on to me. 'If I had been half a

man,' etc., 'If I had cared a fraction of a straw for my wife's peace of mind," etc., 'If I had been at all like some other husbands she knew,' etc. However, you, being married, have all this, of course, at your fingers' ends, so I will not go into that part of it. Nor will I dwell upon the piteous accounts given me by my wife of poor Margaretta's breaking heart, and of how she was pining and wasting away, and qualifying for early quarters in the local cemetery. That is an old story which I will take leave to skip, and will resume my narrative after an interval of two

or three months. "One morning I was sent for in my professional capacity to visit our vicar. The complaint from which I found him suffering was of quite a trifling nature, being nothing more serious than an attack of lumbago, and not a very severe attack at that, for he was perfectly free from pain, in most postures, and was only very violently gripped by the malady when attempting to rise after stooping or kneeling. Still, of course, this was sufficiently inconvenient to a clergyman, as it precluded his taking part in the church services, and he was particularly anxious to be well again by the following Sunday.

"Now, there's no doubt about !t, lum-

bored by this tiresome old person. But I could not offend her, so was obliged to listen. And when at last I was free from her-which was not for twenty minutes-I noted, with a grin of amuse ment, that Margaretta (alded, no doubt, by my wife), had made her pounce, and was in the act of sailing out of the tearoom upon the arm of our stately vicar, who did not, indeed, seem at all loth to lead forth this beauteous damsel into the greater seclusion of the dimly lighted passages.

"I looked round for my wife. Ah! There she was hobbing and nobbing with old Joshua Barker, not three yards from where I stood! Presently I heard her say to him:

"'Don't you think this room rather hot, Mr. Barker? Shall we go out into the lobby for a few minutes? "'Certainly-a good idea,' answered

the brewer, offering her his arm,

"And off they went-my wife throwing me a meaning but mystifying glance over her shoulder as she passed. That she was up to some mischief I could see plainly. That this mischief was in connection with the vicar and Margaretta I could conjecture with tolerable certainty. But beyond that general impression, I was quite in the dark and, being detached just then and seeing nobody about with whom I had the least desire to converse, I strolled out myself into the lobby with the idea of seeing if possible what my wife's little game was.

"As I sauntered slowly along one of the side passages, I heard the sound of murmured conversation on my right. Glancing in that direction, I descried the vicar and Margaretta seated in contiguous chairs, screened by a big palm. They were too much taken up to have observed me. And, I am half ashamed to confess it, but I did a low thing. I slipped behind a brawny plaster Her cules, which stood adjacent and played the eavesdropper.

"The vienr was bending close to Margaretta, uttering ninny postty speeches -but nowise committing himself-and she was listening with help'stening color and downcast eyes, ever and anon, however, raising those rentares and darting at him glances of undtant tenderness, meant, doubtless, to evoke something from his lips more practical than these empty compliments. Once or twice I half thought that a declaration was comitig; but on each occasion he pulled himself up just at the critical point, and turned what looked like being a proposal face a mere piece are, no doubt, undeserving, but I take of flirtatious rhetoric. It must have my chances on that. That thing rests been uncommonly tantalizing for Mar- like a murder on my conscience, and garetta. But she kept her head and ber temper admirably, and continued

dered any future explanation impossible."

"He must have been extremely weak minded."

in an uncommonly tight corner, He Margaretta, and it was quite natural that she should misunderstand what occurred. Under those circumstances, to disabuse her would have been a delicate task, from which any man might well be excused for shrinking. At any rate, he did shrink, and the consequence was the little biographical circumstances which has evoked the story."-London Truth.

Refused the Wrong Beggar.

"I never refuse the plea of a beggar." says a leading member of Congress. "You must not use my name and advertise me as a philanthropist, for I am not. It is simply a matter of necessity with me. I am obliged to give something to every beggar or I could not sleep at night. I made a bad mistake once, and I would rather give occasionally to the unworthy than to ever deny assistance to the worthy.

"Once upon a time I was in St. Louis on business. It was winter, and you know how cold that town can be when it tried hard. I was out on the street at 11 o'clock one bitter night when a chap struck me for a dime. He was poorly clad, looked hungry and sick, and I ought to have handed out the money at once, but I was just brute enough not to do it. He followed me a hundred feet, begging and pleading, and I finally threatened to have him arrested. He turned away with a sob in his throat, and I went on to the hotel.

"There was a big snowstorm that night, and next morning they found him in a drift, frozen stark and stiff. I saw the body and recognized it. The pale face was pinched and drawn with hunger and suffering, and the eyes were wide open as yours-great big blue eves, sunken back in their sockets, and staring at me in an awful way. Yes, sir, they seemed to be fastened on me alone, and to follow me as I moved. When I heard car drivers, draymen, bootblacks and newsboys saying how gladly they would have given the poor wretch a quarter to buy lodgings and food I sneaked away, feeling that I was a murderer. It hurt me more than I can tell you. I don't wait now to be asked for alms. I give to some who nothing like it shall happen again."-St. Paul Globe,

and not a woman. And a doll is a very selfish toy; it demands careful treatment all the time, and it gives nothing

but a pretty appearance in return. I "Perhaps. But then, you see, he was is the foolish wife who expects infallibility in her husband. She forgets that had been flirting in a risky way with there is a difference between the housewife and the house moth. She should expect from her husband politeness at all times, and a certain gentleness that every man, possessing the real instinct of a man, gives to a wom an. But she should not expect from him too much. She has no right what ever to ask of him permission to live a lazy life herself, and to give up all her days and years to vain and idle thoughts. * * * When the wife can make her husband's home-coming a joy, his home-staying a pleasure and a delight, and his leaving home a sorrow, then, and then only, can she expect a great deal from him."

Coiffure for a Narrow Face,

The hair should be dressed round to suit a long, narrow face. It is always best to show a coil or so from the side behind the ears; also endeavor to fill up the nape of the neck as much as possible. For a sharp-featured face always avoid dressing the hair right at the top of the back of the crown in a line with the nose, as this so accentaates the severe outlines. Dress the hair low or else quite to the crown-top to meet the fringe. For a round face narrow dressings are becoming and can be taken well down the neck.

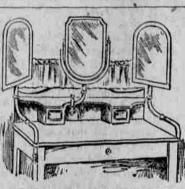
New Calling for Women.

The Parish Council of Langley, near Slough, has received an application from a woman for the post of slaugh ter-house inspector of the town of Colnbrook, under their jurisdiction. She was recommended by two local residents as well qualified for the post, but the council preferred to reappoint the present male inspector. In the adjoining Parish of Iver a woman has acted as registrar and vaccination officer for several years with the greatest success.-Westminster Gazette.

Ridiculous Footwear.

Women are more often too short than too tall. Height, they think, must be gained, and consequently the ridicalously high-heeled shoes are decided upon. They do, undoubtedly, give dignity as long as the wearer stands still. but when the wearer is in motion they destroy grace, even in a room, and deform the feet. Thus women are made to minister to a very short-lived fancy. American women, as a rule, have too small feet, which do not add to their beauty. The better shape a foot is the smaller it will look, but in the disproportionately small foot there is always

is on the principle of the triptych mirror, but the glasses are arranged on long, movable arms, and on swivels at the top, so that they may be turned and moved in every direction-a most



INVENTION FOR A TOILET TABLE.

convenient arrangement, whereby a fashionable woman may watch her maid arrange her hair on the sides as well as in front, while she is seated in front of her dressing table. After the task is completed, she can view the back, front, and sides, all at the same time.

Strawberry Ambrosia. Pile a pretty glass dish with alternate layers of strawberries and powdered sugar. Pour over them orange juice and claret in the proportions of the juice of two oranges and one gill of claret to one quart of berries. Let them stand on the ice an hour before serving.

A University Devree. The Countess of Aberdeen has received the degree of doctor of laws from Queen's University, Kingston, Canada. Lady Aberdeen is the first woman in the Dominion who has been thus distinguished.

The Self-Sufficiency of Peauty. Whatever is in any way beautiful both its source of beauty in itself and is complete in itself; praise forms no part of it. So it is none the worse nor the better for being praised.-Marcus Aurellus.

Flower-Sprinkled Corsage.

Some of the new French corsets show tiny forget-me-nots, "Quaker ladies," or wee rose-buds on their white ground. These corsages are also trimmed with dainty ribbons and white

Why He Was Good. Mrs. Cobwigger-I hear you were a very good little boy while I was out. Freddie-Were you out, ma? Why, I thought you were in the next room all the time .- New York Journal.